

Summer Edition

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Gentilly-2 non merci!

par Michel-Adrien Sheppard.

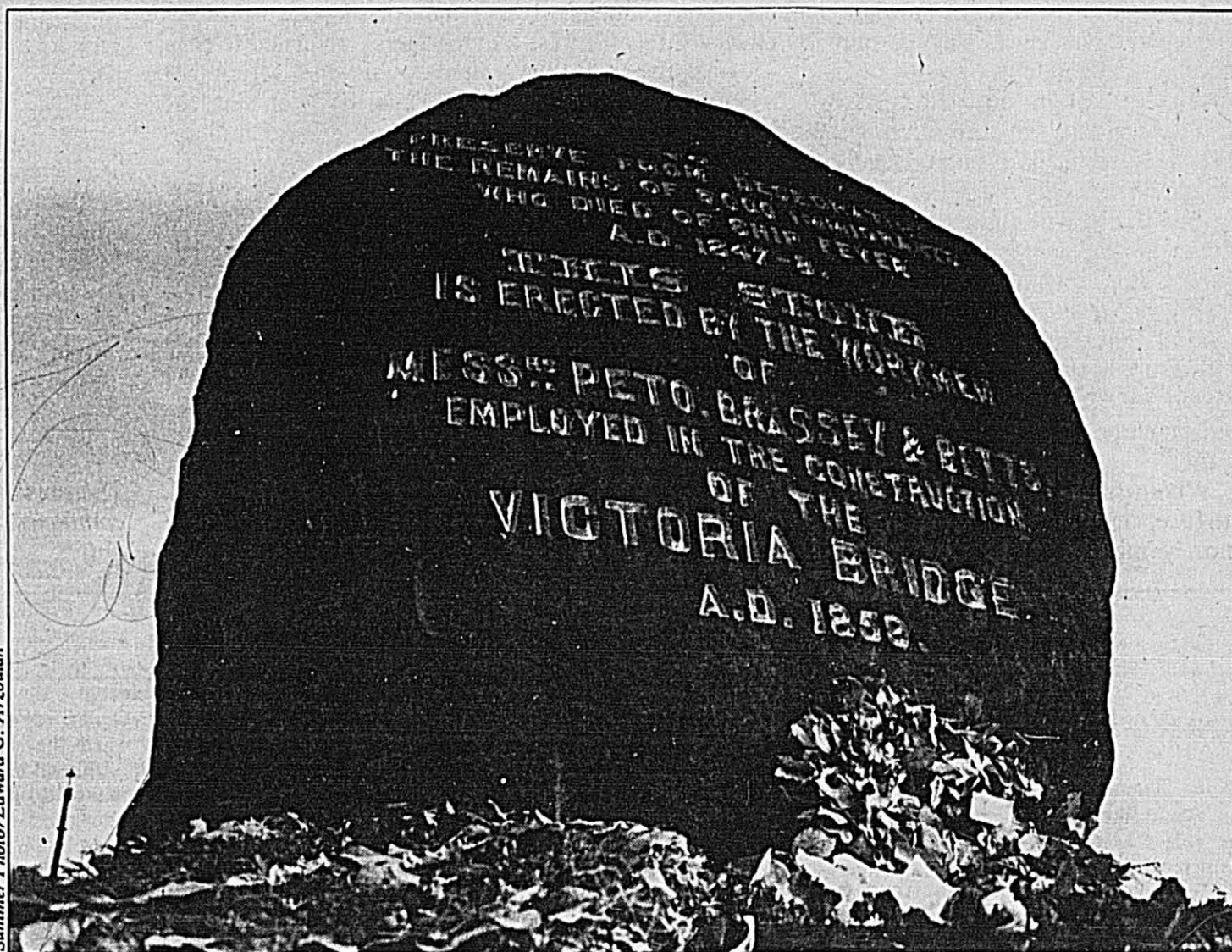
Le 10 juillet prochain, la centrale nucléaire Gentilly-2 dans la région de Bétancourt sera pacifiquement "assiégée" par des centaines de manifestant(e)s anti-nucléaires répondant à l'appel du Regroupement pour la Surveillance du Nucléaire (RSN) et de l'Alliance Tournesol, deux organisations environnementalistes québécoises.

En même temps aura lieu une autre marche à Trois-Rivières. Ces deux actions écologistes conjointes visent à empêcher la mise en service du réacteur, prévue pour le mois de juillet.

Dans un communiqué de presse diffusé la semaine dernière par les deux organisations, le RSN et l'Alliance Tournesol affirment que les coûts entraînés par la mise en marche de cette première centrale nucléaire québécoise vouée à la production commerciale d'électricité risquent de dépasser le coût déjà élevé de construction et que les contribuables québécois seraient moins perdants si Gentilly était laissée inopérante "que s'il (le gouvernement) met la main dans l'engrenage nucléaire."

S'opposant à ce qu'ils condamnent comme une décision politique contraire au moratoire nucléaire proclamé en 1977 par le gouvernement PQ, et prise sans consultation de ceux qui auront à en supporter les frais tant économiques que sociaux, les écolos du RSN et de Tournesol dénoncent la mise en (suite à la page 4)

see page 8



A monument produced by workers to commemorate the victims of the great famine. Then, as now, there existed a distinct community and culture amongst anglophone workers. Today, in Verdun, working people are organising to assert their identity in...

Remembering the Rock

by Richard Flint

Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, thousands of starving refugees arrived in Montréal from the great famine in Ireland. They travelled here in poorly equipped and overcrowded ships. Many died and were unceremoniously buried at sea. Many more arrived in Québec with ship's fever. They were quarantined, and six thousand died before they had seen more than the shoreline of their new home.

Many the descendants of those who survived settled in south-west Montréal. There is a memorial to those who didn't survive, near Victoria bridge, marking their mass grave, a black rock with a commemorative plaque attached to it.

The Black Rock has become a symbol for the people of Verdun and Pointe St. Charles. It represents the history of their community, and underlines the

working class traditions of their population. Unlike many of the anglos who came to Québec, these people had no wealth, and no property. They provided the labour for industrial and commercial enterprises. The Irish labourers who built the Lachine canal also organised the first strike in Québec's history.

Somewhere in the twilight of Québec's history the working class anglophones were lost. Forgotten by the self acclaimed leaders of the anglophone community: the wealthy Westmounters' who remembered to send turkeys to Verdun every Christmas; forgotten by many leaders of the francophone community intent on identifying the wealth and power of Westmount with *les Anglais*.

Just over a year ago a group of people who lived in Verdun or came from the area got together and formed the Black Rock Group.

What has emerged is not easy to classify; the group acts as a (Continued on page 6)

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L'Edition d'Été
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Comment

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The moon & 6%

A lunar eclipse was a pretty frightening thing for the primitive peoples who originally populated Canada: one evening, the glistening white, reassuring moon acquires a shadow on one side. The shadow spreads, gradually obliterating the moon's face. Soon, the sphere vanishes, leaving only a faintly glowing red shadow.

Our civilisation, understanding the reasons for the eclipse, can look on it with interest, and not fright. We know the moon is not disappearing, only being hidden from the sun by the shadow of the earth. But can we say the same for our fading economy?

At a time when its tax revenues are depressed by business recession, the impoverished federal government has announced that rather than cut its debt, as any business would have to do, it will spend almost \$20 billion more than it earns in the coming fiscal year.

Where does this money come from? On the surface, it is borrowed from the world's money markets. But in the long run, the

money comes from us. By borrowing an estimated \$17.1 billion this year, the government will commit itself to paying one in four dollars of revenue as interest on the accumulated federal deficit.

Though Finance Minister Allan MacEachan and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau screamed at Versailles that the Americans must cut their \$92 billion deficit in the budget just approved, in order to lower interest rates, our "leaders" returned to propose a budget with double the deficit per capita of Ronald Reagan's. Even at that, the U.S. deficit is resultant of drastic military spending increases we are not copying. So where is the money going?

The June 28 budget's pledge to hold down government-controlled price and wage increases to six and five per cent for the next two years may rationalize the finances somewhat and give the electorate confidence in the Liberal pledge of thriftiness. Yet the government must go much further.

A house-buyers' rebate and a small business loan program are nice but empty: they are financed by higher taxes. Meanwhile, one learns that Parliament paid 10 per cent wage increases to its top aides a week

before they declared the wage restraint measures. The government is still relying on the scary "postpone it to the future" spending style that enabled it to squeak through the 70s.

The Liberals have brought us many beautiful things by expanding the welfare state. But Man in His World, the Olympics, the renovations of the Peace Tower, and the constitution ceremonies are *not paid for*.

The country is at a crossroads. We must either continue to increase taxes to pay for the luxury of this indecent deficit (by the end of this fiscal year \$8,000 for every Canadian man, woman, and child) and rescue all the companies that buckle under the weight, or quickly reduce public spending.

One solution would be a Prime Minister on a suicide mission, ready to announce that our economy is bloated, unhealthy, and apathetic. The cure? A long diet, followed by carefully planned meals.

Peter F. Kuitenbrouwer

The opinions expressed on the Summer Edition comments page reflect the view of their author only.

Letters

Israel's legitimacy

To the Summer Edition,

I would like to comment on the recent McGill Daily comment regarding the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. I will not attempt to convince you of the invasion's historical inevitability nor its moral desirability (two features which I feel it possessed). I think a responsible and regular reading of the *New York Times*, *Newsweek* or any other reputable news source over the past six or seven years will provide sufficient proof. Rather, I would like to make an attempt at having Mr. Flint come to terms with reality.

Mr. Flint states that "if Israel ever had an ounce of legitimacy, it has abrogated it with its murderous action against the Palestinians." The harsh reality is the fact that Israel's legitimacy is not conferred by outside agents (be they the *McGill Daily*, *Washington Post*, an Arab summit or the United Nations). Israel's only true legitimacy has been indelibly seared into the heart of every Jew in the ovens of Treblinka. This is not intended as hyperbole, but as a cool, rational statement of fact. The Jewish people have tasted death and know the dark consequences of acquiescence. Any attempt to dismantle the Jewish state will be, and has been,

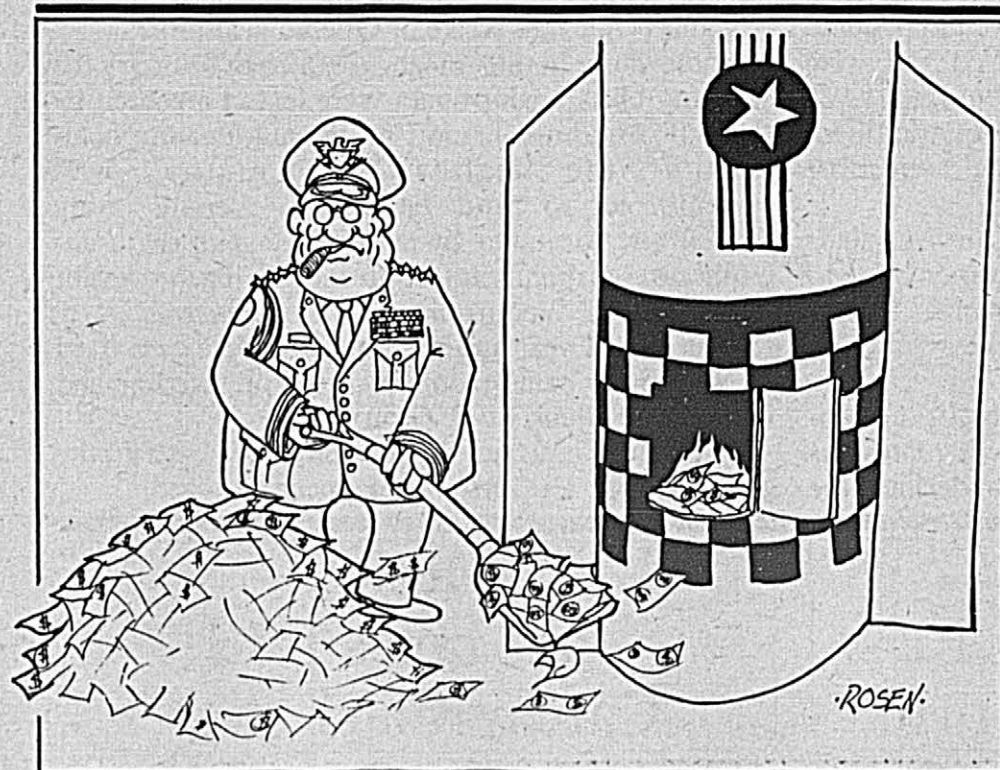
resisted with the life and arms of every Jewish man, woman and child.

Despite this historical reality, the PLO has, since its inception, demanded clearly and openly just this eventuality. In pursuit of that goal, it has used the tools of terror and ultimatum. In the name of the Palestinian people, it has, as a direct result, achieved nothing so certainly as the continued degradation and suffering of innocent Palestinians, and the ever increasing intransigence of Israel. This is probably the single most tragic fact surrounding the "Middle-East situation." I do not care to enter into a pointless and emotional argument over "original sin" because, frankly, it is

simply irrelevant. Fine, talk about a "secular, democratic state" may warm the hearts of the casual, "liberal-minded" student of world affairs. However, understand that its realization would be impossible without the complete destruction of the Jewish people (and, in the process, substantial Arab losses as well). This is reality. It may or may not be the central fact of the Middle-East crisis. It is, however, the central fact of Jewish existence. I care not to convince you of its moral justification. Just as the Jew has learnt long ago the bitter meaning of the word "reality," he has also learnt a profound and chilling disrespect for world opinion.

I sincerely believe that a solution to the Palestinian problem can be found. It will require great compassion and wisdom on both sides (not to mention the cooperation and good-will of Saudi Arabia, Jordan and the United States). The Jews and Palestinians are two peoples that are blessed with much intelligence and are, therefore, capable of overcoming their differences. But the first mark of wisdom is the ability to come to grips with reality. And part of that reality — like it or not — is the continued existence of the Jewish State of Israel.

Shlomo Weiskop
McGill '81.



Summer Edition Staff Box

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These hearty souls and more get together every Monday at 1:00 p.m. in the Summer Edition (McGill Daily) office to plan out the following day's or week's issue. A bag of scores and the definition of zarf will get you in for free. Bring story ideas. Foto ideas, too.

Our house is a very ugly house

by John Moore

"Le Penfield", located at 1515 Dr. Penfield, is but another building which is presently undergoing renovation. In this case, renovation is not what the original agreement with the Ministère des Affaires Culturels had specified, and here the plot thickens.

Unlike most other renovation projects in Montréal, "Le Penfield" was declared an historic sight. Hence, conservation, and not renovation, was what Affaires Culturels originally had in mind when Lemay-Leclerc architects bought the building.

The new owners inherited many problems. The original specifications were that the building as a whole should be integrated into the design. This settlement deteriorated when ensuing negotiations gave the architects permission to integrate only the façades of the historic building. The coup-de-grâce was the removal of one portion of the south façade.

The workers claim that as a result of an accident which cracked the brickwork, the potential danger obliged them to remove it. Cécile Grenier, animator of the Centre Urbain (de Montréal) has another story. According to her, the accident seems not to have been as unpredictable as others make it sound, and "The way in which the bricks were loaded onto the truck made it obvious to us (Centre Urbain) that they had no intention whatsoever of reconstructing the façade." Grenier blames this on the laxity of the Ministère des Affaires Culturels who did not enforce the original agreement.

Also strongly opposed to this project is Michael Fish, director of the Coseil des Monuments et Sites du Québec. "The whole situation is an aberration and an atrocity," he said. Although his group is trying to curb this kind of "disfigurement", this time they stepped in just a bit too late.

"Conservation is a large act of which preservation is just one part," he said. It has become chic to demolish cultural buildings and pretend that they are being preserved through renovation, according to Fish.

On the whole, work is relatively slow and obviously not always on the line. Contractors tend to work on two or three projects at the same time which slows down operations and reduces quality.

Lemay/Leclerc claim that the building was sand-blasted. Sand-blasting removes the protective element of the brick and leaves nothing but a soft easily weathered portion.

The Royal George, on Bishop street, is a similar project. Here, only one façade is being kept. A major factor in this kind of destruction is ignorance and poor taste, according to Fish. The Ministère des Affaires Culturels has allowed for much of this, and the results, he said, are atrocious; the product, unacceptable.



Using a cracked façade as an excuse, renovators have almost completely erased the original style of this McGill ghetto house.

Paper glut kills recycling project

by Peter F. Kuitenbrouwer

Concerned newspaper readers and/or information addicts should have a hard time getting their newspaper overflow recycled this summer. Montréal's recycling centres have stopped picking up paper for recycling, and one centre, Ecosense in Notre Dame de Grace, has even stopped accepting paper.

Ecosense had their last recycling day in February, after the price companies pay for used newsprint dropped to \$35 a ton from \$65 six months earlier.

"We can't cover our costs at that rate," explained Solange Ouellet at Ecosense. "We work entirely through volunteers, but we have to rent a truck."

She said the while the paper market has been flooded for a year, the companies are now gaining interest in recyclable paper, but refuse to pay more for it. "If we picked up paper, it would amount to doing sweatshop work for the paper companies," she said.

Ouellet said the companies will not gain interest in paper recycling until the government passes legislation requiring them to use a percentage of used newspaper in paper production. To this end, the organisation is putting its

Up in smoke

by John Moore

An unhappy setback hit workers and especially new tenants at 385 Milton June 30.

The building was a three story house, undergoing renovation into a small apartment building. Work on the inside was completed, yet exterior work was incomplete. A spark from a worker's torch set off a small fire which was handled expeditiously, though with damages. The principal cause of damage was water and smoke, unpleasant for those who have recently set up home in the building.

Perhaps safety regulations should be undergoing renovation hand in hand with the buildings that they apply to.

energy into a campaign, starting in September, to get the companies to change policies, and to get government legislation for recycling.

"In 15 years, there won't be nearly as many trees in Québec, and bush people will start getting laid off," she noted. "We are trying to work, now, with the forestry unions." If some jobs were created in the recycling sector, she noted, the paper resources would last longer.

Ouellet refers people with paper to recycle to Recyclage St. Edouard, at 6538 Waverly (corner of Beaubien). That company does not pick up paper either, however, and will not pay for that delivered.

"We can't afford to pay for the paper because paper is very tied in with the stock market and the dollar, which are down," a spokesperson at Recyclage St. Edouard said. "The market is flooded with paper right now."

Fruit for thought

by Peter F. Kuitenbrouwer

Every year the Okanogan valley fruit pickers live out a legend: bronzed bodies awoken at 6:00 a.m. to the roar of the farm truck and sleepily climb out of their tents onto the dewy grass. They climb into the truck and head out to the orchards, where the farmer gives them trees and containers to pick in.

They sweat it out until the sun becomes unbearable; then their boss comes to count and pick up their day's labor. The rest of the day they spend swimming in lakes, eating, lying in the shade and, when night falls, drinking and smoking by a fire.

Those working (and tanning) outside among other young, adventurous people also, however, have enemies. The biggest is their employer himself, who, presented with a buyer's market of pickers, finds many ways to take advantage of naive Easterners. He might relegate less productive people to thinner trees, miscount their picking to his advantage, offer bonuses at the end of the season and then fire the workers just before he is due to pay them, or neglect to offer any camping facilities.

To initiate the uninformed pickers to their rights and the common money-saving tricks of the valley's employers, the Canadian Farmworkers' Union's Montréal office has produced a bilingual

28-page manual for farm workers. The manual explains legal, bureaucratic, and technical procedures available to wronged workers, and provides the addresses of helpful organizations in the valley. It also lists roughly the picking seasons and Farm Labour Office locations in the valley.

The Okanogan valley gears in the summer for fruit production, not safe, comfortable jobs for Easterners. Those who go out have to face often inadequate housing and washing facilities. The local townfolk are also often hostile to French-speaking workers and even to English ones this year, now that more of them are looking for farm-work resultant from a shrinking economy and British Columbia's growing unemployed.

In addition, points out Howard Scott, a co-ordinator of the CFU's *Pickers' Manual*: "The Labour Office is a service to growers, not to labourers." The manual, then, provides information the labour office may overlook or not have time to explain.

"A lot of people think they'll go there and come back with a lot of money," said Scott. "If you are experienced, you will. But it is piecework. It also depends

continued on page 4

Gentilly-2: les neutrons s'affolent

suite de la page 1

marque du réacteur de Gentilly-2 derrière laquelle ils voient une opération de sauvetage de l'industrie nucléaire qui sombre depuis quelques années au bord de la faillite. Ils ajoutent aussi que les coûts de disposition des déchets radioactifs, ainsi que ceux qui devront être encourus au cas d'un vieillissement prématuré pour le démantèlement de la centrale, dépasseront de beaucoup ce qui a déjà été dépensé, soit près de \$1,4 milliards (contre des prévisions initiales de \$300 millions).

D'après Gordon Edwards, président national du RSN, l'Hydro-Québec prévoit une augmentation de la demande en électricité inférieure aux estimations de départ contenues dans son document "Une stratégie pour les années '80". Par conséquent, Edwards refuse de voir une quelconque utilité dans la mise en opération de la centrale:

"Il n'y a pas de besoin actuellement pour cette électricité au Québec. Par contre, il y a des pressions énormes de la part du gouvernement fédéral pour poursuivre l'expansion de l'électro-nucléaire au Québec et au Nouveau-Brunswick en vue de proroger l'effondrement imminent de l'industrie nucléaire dans laquelle il a investi inutilement des milliards en subventions. En ce qui concerne l'Hydro, il y a un petit groupe déterminé qui, pour sauver la face, essaie d'atteindre le point de non-retour pour justifier l'option atomique."

Edwards ajoute qu'il n'existe aucune raison économique pour la centrale de Gentilly-2 "puisque'il n'a pas de clientèle. La seule justification économique que je peux y voir, ce sont les chèques de paie des technocrates et des ingénieurs nucléaires."

Dans une déclaration parue le

14 juin dans les pages du Devoir, les porte-paroles du RSN et de l'Alliance Tournesol soulignent que les considérations de sécurité militent aussi contre la mise en marche du réacteur. Les savants n'auraient toujours pas conçu une méthode sécuritaire d'enfouissement des déchets hautement radioactifs produits par le processus de fission nucléaire. De plus, le modèle de réacteur employé dans les centrales canadiennes rejeterait 30 fois plus de tritium (isotope radioactif de l'hydrogène) et 20 fois plus de carbone-14 dans l'environnement qu'un réacteur américain de même taille.

les accidents??

La solidité des installations laisserait aussi beaucoup à désirer: l'accident de Three Mile Island en Pennsylvanie avait été occasionné par le bris d'un petit tuyau du système de refroidissement; selon les critiques de Gentilly, la probabilité d'un tel accident, pouvant donner lieu à la fonte du cœur du réacteur et à une explosion nucléaire violente, serait de 1 sur 4 durant la vie de la centrale, soit 30 ans.

Même avant son exploitation commerciale, l'avenir de Gentilly-2 semble déjà hypothéqué par un passé sombre, truffé d'erreurs au niveau du financement et d'incidents de parcours: les coûts de construction ont augmenté de plus d'un milliard de dollars et le gouvernement fédéral, qui s'était engagé à défrayer la moitié du coût initial de \$300 millions, refuse de verser plus de \$150 millions, laissant le Québec seul pour assumer le reste, malgré le fait que la centrale appartienne à l'Energie Atomique du Canada Ltée, une société fédérale de la Couronne.

En 1980, on dut procéder à la réfection des milliers de tubes du générateur de vapeur au coût de \$20 millions, dont \$7 millions seulement furent assumés par le fabricant, la succursale canadienne de Babcock



& Wilcox, la compagnie responsable du quasi-désastre de Three Mile Island.

En novembre 1981, juste après l'émission de la licence d'opération par la Commission de Contrôle de l'Energie Atomique, lors des essais en vue de la mise en service, un écrou mal fixé a endommagé des milliers de tubes à l'intérieur du calorifère qui venait à peine d'être réparé. Si le réacteur avait été en marche, il y aurait eu une fuite de radioactivité semblable à Three Mile Island (Marie Vincent, "Rapports régionaux: le Québec", Transitions, journal du RSN, automne 1981/ Paul Berleur, "Le nucléaire au Québec", Birch Bark Alliance, Hiver 81-82).

D'autres vices de construction se sont révélés: des fissures sont apparues dans les murs du bâtiment de confinement servant à capturer les particules de combustible irradié et à empêcher les rayons ionisants dangereux de s'échapper dans l'environnement. De plus, un ingénieur-conseil de la compagnie CANATOM, Ramzi Ferahian, démissionna à la fin des années 70 car le réacteur n'était pas adéquatement conçu pour résister aux séismes.

«Nucléarisation»

Les écologistes mettent également en cause toute la stratégie fédérale de "nucléarisation" du domaine énergétique, arguant qu'au contraire, un programme de développement axé sur la conservation et les services communautaires créerait plus de jobs par unité de capital investi que dans le secteur hautement monopolisé de la haute technologie, permettrait

de relancer le secteur névralgique de la construction domiciliaire, et épargnerait à la population des conséquences néfastes en terme d'impact économique et environnemental.

Dans le numéro d'hiver 81-82 du Birch Bark Alliance, David Orfald ("Nuclear rescue strategies-a last ditch effort to prop up the industry"), cite Robert Bott de la revue Energy Magazine qui affirme que "les industries énergétiques canadiennes centralisées, bureaucratisées et orientées vers les mégaprojets gaspillent du capital et évitent de payer des impôts aux dépens des autres secteurs qui pourraient utiliser cet argent pour améliorer leur performance en terme de consommation d'énergie".

Ces corporations, souvent sous la responsabilité de sociétés de la Couronne, ne sont pas astreintes à conserver une ratio fixe de leurs engagements financiers par rapport à leur capital initial (ce qui leur permet en théorie de s'endetter presque sans limites), ne sont pas sujettes aux impôts, et jouissent d'un accès quasi-illimité aux sources de financement publiques

garanties par les gouvernements à des taux d'intérêt préférentiels. Ainsi, par exemple, la société d'Etat Hydro-Québec ne serait pas tout à fait dans la situation financière la plus optimale: un chercheur au RSN, Mark Goldberg, calcule que les gages de responsabilité actuels de l'Hydro sont de deux fois supérieurs à ces avoirs présents; de plus 87% du revenu net de l'année dernière ont été avalés par les intérêts encourus par la

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Farmworkers' booklet..

continued from page 3
on what growers you get, and what you're picking."

Though disability insurance is now optional for fruit-growers, the CFU recently won a battle that will make the accident protection compulsory for Okanagan farmers in the '83 season.

The farmworkers union originated in B.C.'s Fraser Valley, where they are now well-established. They have historically had more trouble in the Okanagan, where laborers are far less stable. In the Fraser, Scott noted, there are now contracts on three farms and "the workers are on a more equal basis to negotiate with the growers."

Last year two Fraser Valley



union representatives put out a small mimeographed booklet on their own, outlining conditions for farm work in the Okanagan. This year, with the help of union members nation-wide and

the Québec Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers, which paid for printing, the Montréal people have assembled a more complete and more attractive booklet.

The 10 booklet co-ordinators drew on information from Okanagan union representatives, and interviewed farm workers who returned from the west. In March, Scott and another member attended the union's national convention in Vancouver, where they learned more.

The organization are distributing 4,000 copies of the booklet in Farm Labour Offices throughout the Okanagan, but those interested can also obtain it by writing to Box 1866, LaCité, Montréal.

construction en cours et la dette cumulée à long terme de l'Hydro dépasserait de beau coup la dette publique totale du gouvernement québécois.

Selon Bott, les opérations des utilités publiques au Canada entre 1967 et 1978 auraient occasionné des pertes de l'ordre de plus \$30,5 milliards à l'économie, dont 10% seraient à inscrire au seul compte des exportations subventionnées et non-taxées d'électricité aux États-Unis.

Et c'est justement par la promotion des exportations d'électricité produite dans des centrales nucléaires que le gouvernement fédéral entend relancer l'industrie atomique moribonde sans prendre en considération ni les coûts, ni les conséquences

d'une surcapacité de production.

L'industrie atomique au Canada fait également face à un avenir de capacité excessive qui ne peut servir, et à l'incertitude à propos des échéances et de la taille des prochaines commandes de réacteurs. Par conséquent, l'industrie de conception et de fabrication de centrales atomiques sera bel et bien morte en l'espace de quelques années, à moins que la stratégie de la dernière chance du fédéral ne renverse la tendance.

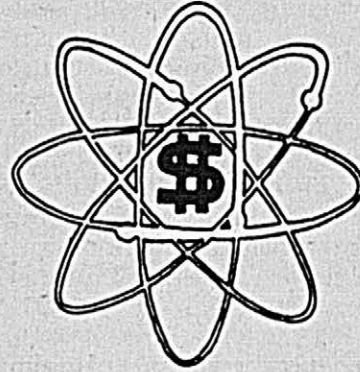
Le premier février de cette année, Marc Lalonde, ministre fédéral de l'énergie, obtenait le consentement du Cabinet pour aller de l'avant dans des pourparlers avec le Québec et le

Hydro-Québec découvrait que ses prévisions de croissance étaient trop élevées, de sorte qu'il n'était aucunement besoin de Gentilly-2 dans les années '90! Le Devoir du 28-11-81 publia une autre note importante, à l'effet que l'Hydro retardait ses projets d'investissements massifs prévus dans le document "Une stratégie pour les années '80" et qu'il réduisait de \$190 millions son programme d'immobilisations en 1982.

Cela cependant ne signifie pas pour autant que l'option nucléo-québécoise soit complètement abandonnée par les technocrates tant fédéraux que provinciaux. En effet, quelques jours après l'annonce de l'Hydro, Énergie Atomique du Canada Ltée (EACL) créait un bureau régional québécois dirigé par Laurent Amyot, ex-directeur de l'Institut de génie nucléaire de l'École Polytechnique de l'Université de Montréal. EACL songe aussi à construire un centre de recherches sur la fabrication de combustibles atomiques artificiels à Varennes, où l'Hydro-Québec a déjà dépensé plusieurs millions pour expérimenter le prototype TOKOMAK, un mini-réacteur de fusion dont un des sous-produits est le plutonium, une des substances les plus toxiques

au monde.

N'oublions pas non plus les travaux de prospection d'uranium dans le comté de Pontiac, dans la région du Mont-Laurier, à la baie James,



sans parler du port de Montréal, un des principaux points d'embarquement pour les expéditions de matériel nucléaire à l'étranger.

Les militant(e)s écologistes du RSN et de l'Alliance Tournesol exigent donc des comptes du gouvernement québécois, qui semble ne pas respecter sa propre décision de moratoire. Refusant les manœuvres de pseudo-consultation publique où les citoyens sont invités à faire des visites de courtoisie sans pouvoir participer aux vraies décisions qui les concernent, le mouvement anti-nucléaire québécois est d'avis que les enjeux nécessitent des discussions qui ne doivent pas

appartenir uniquement aux technocrates de l'État et aux marchands de technologie nucléaire.

Ce désir d'un large débat sur l'avenir énergétique et social du Québec était celui du Front Commun pour un Débat Public sur l'Énergie, qui regroupait il n'y a pas si longtemps plus de 80 organisations syndicales, populaires et environnementales. C'est aussi une des motivations principales de la manifestation du 10 juillet contre l'ouverture de Gentilly-2.

"Puisque les Québécois ont à prendre les risques liés à l'opération de ce réacteur", de dire Edwards, "n'ont-ils pas droit à un débat ouvert sur la question avant que la licence soit accordée?"

Ceux qui désirent se rendre à Gentilly peuvent se présenter à l'entrée de l'université Concordia (Bishop et Maisonneuve-Métro Guy) d'où partent les autobus à 9h00, le 10 juillet. Les billets sont de \$10 et sont disponibles sur place ou au bureau du Regroupement pour la Surveillance du Nucléaire/Alliance Tournesol, 4374 boul. St-Laurent (842-1471). Une assemblée d'information se tiendra à l'Université du Québec à Trois-Rivières après la manifestation.

"Puisque les Québécois ont à prendre les risques...n'ont-ils pas droit à un débat..."

pour la population. Edwards, dans un article paru l'automne dernier dans Transitions ("Mission Impossible: Keeping the CANDU"), cite un rapport confidentiel préparé par Énergie, Mines et Ressources Canada (EMRC) et remis au Premier Ministre Trudeau. Ce rapport est tombé dans les mains de l'Ottawa Citizen le premier juin 1981.

Vu l'échec de la stratégie de ventes de réacteurs à l'étranger en dépit des concessions financières substantielles offertes aux acheteurs (par exemple au Mexique, dont le gouvernement ne semble plus intéressé par le Candu malgré le fait que la Corporation de Développement des Exportations, société fédérale de la Couronne, ait offert aux Mexicains des subventions équivalant à quelque 60% des coûts d'achat de ce mégacontrat de plusieurs milliards), l'opération-sauvetage d'Ottawa repose maintenant sur le développement d'une capacité de génération électronucléaire axé sur l'exportation d'énergie.

larges subventions

"Les options les plus prometteuses à cet égard selon ce rapport sont de larges subventions fédérales visant à obtenir un engagement le plus tôt possible des gouvernements du Québec et du Nouveau-Brunswick pour la construction du superprojet à Gentilly-3 (3400 mégawatts) et le projet de Pointe Lepreau-2 (600MW) respectivement, qui seraient "dédiés" exclusivement à la production d'électricité pour l'exportation", écrit Edwards.

Selon Edwards, il s'agirait d'une dernière tentative. La construction de réacteurs se ralentit à travers le monde, beaucoup de commandes ayant été tout bonnement annulées après que les estimations suroptimistes de l'industrie faites au début des années '70 se soient avérées fausses et que les utilités publiques aient découvert qu'elles disposaient toutes déjà

Nouveau-Brunswick au sujet de la nouvelle option. Pour leur mettre l'eau à la bouche, le rapport confidentiel de EMRC propose d'offrir aux deux gouvernements concernés des facilités de paiement exceptionnelles pour Gentilly-3 et Pointe Lepreau-2, évaluées dans les quelques milliards de dollars: en effet, il est suggéré que le fédéral défraie 75% des coûts finals au moyen de prêts à très bas intérêt, lorsque l'on sait que le fédéral normalement ne paie que la moitié des coûts initiaux estimés avant le début de la construction.

Ces plans du fédéral évoluent dans une sorte de monde irréel, et cela pour trois raisons majeures:

- d'après le Financial Post (26-12-81), il n'y a tout simplement pas de demande domestique en vue pour des réacteurs additionnels dans les deux prochaines décennies, que cela soit au Canada ou aux États-Unis, où la consommation d'énergie baisse et où il existe déjà une surcapacité de 40% chez les utilités.

- le rapport EMRC admet que la "fenêtre" pour pénétrer le marché américain ne s'ouvrira véritablement que vers l'an 2000 et ne durera peut-être que jusqu'en 2005, ce qui ne pourrait pas économiquement justifier tout un programme excessivement gaspilleur de fonds publics qu'il serait difficile de faire accepter par la population en période de restrictions budgétaires.

- surtout, et c'est là que le bât blesse, le Conseil d'Administration de l'Hydro-Québec, qui devra nécessairement être associé aux plans fédéraux, a annoncé dans un communiqué daté du 27-11-81 qu'il avait de sérieuses réserves au sujet du tout-nucléaire et qu'il décidait de "surseoir aux études d'avant-projet de Gentilly-3, ne reconnaissant pas l'urgence de réaliser une telle centrale nucléaire".

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Discover Québec

Verdun's quiet revolution begins

continued from page 1

focus for working class, Verdun cultural and political activities. A centre and community café at 5365 Lasalle which provides space for exhibitions, musicians, readings and meetings has been recently opened.

"We decided to use the space that Dave was renting and turn it into some kind of a club, some kind of a centre. We'd never had that sort of thing in Verdun before. We had the first show which was some readings about Duplessis' Québec, when you could say the anglos dominated. You could see the divisions in the working class, and divisions between anglos of the working class and ruling class. That was the kind of division we wanted to stress, so that's really what the first show was about — the difference bet-

tion for the wealthy anglophones to give turkeys to families in Verdun at Christmas time. A rotting turkey was delivered to Westmount Square: "We went to Westmount with a sign saying we've been feeding Westmount for years and years out of the exploitation of Verdun workers, high prices, high rents, crummy conditions, low wages and all the rest of it," said Nelson.

But the Black Rock is not a "political" group in the usually understood meaning of the word. If anything it represents an expression of a special kind of "culture".

"The group's purpose hasn't been defined completely, it's still open to expression. It's supposed to reflect working class culture and working class hopes. Culture in the sense that

honesty or art or anything they did have come from a nexus of their own class which was the working class," said Danny Adams.

"My old man would kill himself if he knew what I was doing," jokes George Beriault, "he spent all his life trying to get out of Verdun, and now his son is spending time back there."

The Black Rock has brought a number of people back to Verdun. One man's personal testimony illustrates both the power and emotion involved in a return to one's social and community roots.

John Salmela was one of the people who left Verdun in the sixties. He "escaped" through sports, as a gymnast, with scholarships to the United States.

"I wanted to stay completely out of Verdun. I had a feeling something was happening here, Québec was starting to change a hell of a lot. I always loved Montréal as a city, and I came back ten years later, learned the French language in spite of twenty years schooling in the English language. I worked in a French institution (Université de Montréal), teaching in French and after having paid all the dues in that sort of way I felt sort of I was missing the boat since I had grown up in Verdun and was putting on a nice façade to be part of the *nouveau groupe d'anglais* who could be functionally bilingual or whatever," said John Salmela.

He then became involved with the formation of the Black Rock group.

"I thought it would be sort of a first step, just wouldn't it be great to see the old boys from Verdun High School, but afterwards I saw there was a heart to the group, and it was a heart that for me as an academic at University I was always trying to cover up — the raw, whatever it was, working class reaction — not being able to take a lot of shit at certain times within academic establishments that were based upon sublimating all of those reactions — saying the right thing,

you know? — and when I came back (to Verdun) I saw that a lot of the ways I reacted within academia were as if I was the *enfant terrible* tearing through with the 'this is bullshit, this is bullshit, you know we don't do things this way, it doesn't make sense, it doesn't feel right' — that sort of thing which strangely enough allowed me to progress rapidly through the academic system.

things which haven't been traditionally defined as English art, I'm seeing this more and more, I'm seeing the effect of the power within a group like this..It's become more and more evident that it's a very strong force and it's not just something that came up, it's not like Alliance Québec's sort of thing where guys are pissed off 'Gee, we're not going to get a job here, if we don't get a job

These people here can't go to Toronto, they never wanted to go to Toronto, and they've been here for one hundred and fifty years anyway...

"Coming back here I realised where it all came from, it came from the sort of things we're talking about now, and the types of art exhibits we had — you know it's not the flowers in still life upon the George the 5th chair — It's other sorts of

we're going to go to Toronto'. There's always been a culture but it hasn't been defined, culture's been defined by university."

The expressions of emotional attachment and faith in the group run deep. Something very



There's always been a culture but it hasn't been defined, culture's been defined by University.

ween Westmount and Verdun, what the English here really felt as opposed to the dominant view in the Gazette," said Nelson Calder, a Black Rock member.

The Black Rock group aims primarily to bring together working class people. John Bradley explains: "The Black Rock originally had as its goal to regroup people who saw themselves as working class, or coming from the working class, especially from the south-west area in Verdun. These people were interested in building some sort of centre that would give expression culturally and politically to some of our aspirations and thoughts."

The group has developed a politicized approach to its activities: a "We're not cheap" demonstration was organised last Christmas to protest the paternalism of Westmount "charity". It had been a tradi-

tion for the wealthy anglophones to give turkeys to families in Verdun at Christmas time. A rotting turkey was delivered to Westmount Square: "We went to Westmount with a sign saying we've been feeding Westmount for years and years out of the exploitation of Verdun workers, high prices, high rents, crummy conditions, low wages and all the rest of it," said Nelson.

Many of the group's members are involved in artistic productions: "Some of us do poetry, painting, other people do photography, other people come to help out. It's an expression that comes at a particular time in Québec when it's very difficult for any expression of English culture...hopefully, for better or for worse, it is a breeding ground of reality for its own class. We have a mixture of some people who have had education, through good luck or through the arts in some form and have reached outside their class, and had a little taste of the outside classes and have decided to come back, 'cos the



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It's not the flowers in still life upon the George the 5th Chair — it's other sorts of things which haven't been traditionally defined as English art...

different is definitely happening here. This is a working class group, organised by working class people around their community. The kind of solidarity that can be found in labour movements, centred on the workplace, seems evident in the Black Rock Group. Like the labour movement, this group is based upon a singular community of interest which contains many, many varying points of view and attitudes.

"We feel happier here in many ways, we have a formation which is amorphous, it's very difficult to group together people who have no basic goals sometimes because their own class has dictated that there is no light at the end of the tunnel, but still nonetheless it survives, some of the people come back

to do poetry, myself poetry, somebody else, something else," said Danny Adams.

"I've had a lot of doubts, because of middle class education, doubts that it would survive, simply because I'm used to middle class kind of organisation. I'm not used to the mish-mash we have so often, and the many failures.

"But surprisingly it does exist, and it's a two-edged sword in many ways. If it survives during this thing it promotes a certain kind of English cultural thing, but at the same time it's a working class thing. It survives for the same reason that the Parti Québécois survived when it was truthful in its early days. Because sometimes the light at the end of the tunnel opens up when the group gets together and in fact the depression seems to add up to a kind of optimism," said Danny.

Organisational weaknesses were mentioned by a number of the group's members — John Bradley:

"If there's going to be a sort of cohesive movement the



The Black Rock Group, marching in the International Workers' Day march in Montréal, May 1st., this year.

demand a lot of organising skill I think that all those questions have to be looked at and whatever amount of time can be put in by the group should be."

"People still are poorly organised," said John Salmela. "Maybe low self-esteem, maybe because they've always been on the bottom, they've not been able to escape from Verdun.

unemployed when he ran the marathon, and he had to pawn his watch to get back to Verdun from Boston. He won with Verdun on his sweater, he came back and the mayor invited him in and he said 'I don't have a job' and the mayor said 'You've had one for a week' and handed him a check. By using that sports thing we'll be able to bring a lot of people back together in say three or four months with some sort of sporting event; a memorabilia-historical sort of thing where we can focus on the effects of how sport has brought people together and allowed people a certain amount of mobility to move up, out of Verdun; the Bryce Macesys, Scotty Bowmans and the Bob Gearys..."

For all the problems of organisation, and the obvious

Hampstead lawyers who are pissed off because 'we're going to Toronto'. These people here can't go to Toronto, they never wanted to go to Toronto and they've been here for a hundred and fifty years anyway, their roots are here and there's been a tremendous amount of power generated here, not just within our own group, but by the French working class who recognise that in fact the English working class were never recognised as an entity — shadows of the same kind of phenomenon that was the basis for Québec nationalism. Now they are seeing the same kind of thing here in Verdun. All we're trying to say is that we love this country, we love Québec and, not that we just don't have a choice, we want to stay here." John Salmela.

Not a great work of literature or anything. It's supposed to reflect working class culture in the sense of working people living in Verdun.

group is going to have to act in certain specific areas and make known certain points of view which they would consider from an English working class as opposed to a more middle class view of Alliance Québec or of other anglo groups. I think it is necessary that this group coheses more, it's very enjoyable in its social sense in that there's no obligation. People get together, there's an affinity group that is built up but what utility it has culturally or politically is to be seen by the amount of work people will put into it.

"I would think on one hand there's a certain social basis that

But, nevertheless, there's this incredible power, there's this incredible creative force, and now there's people starting to see a few of the things that they've done and now to trace the whole circle back — I'm seeing myself — I have an interest in sports science and I'm working in psychology and I can see myself retracing the circle back again to sport but seeing the role of sport being a sort of cultural focus that did bring a lot of people together.

"Two minutes ago I was talking to a cop, you know what? I played football with the guy twenty years ago, and now

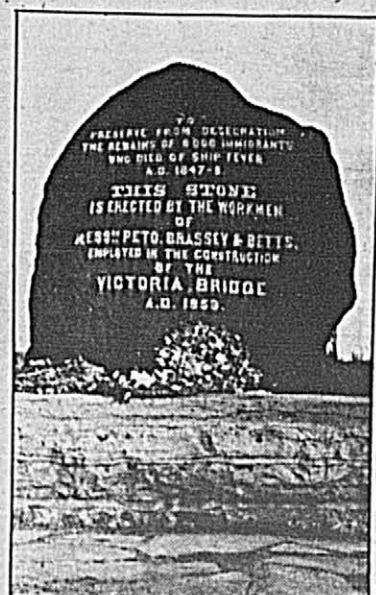
They've always been on the bottom, they've not been able to escape from Verdun. But, nevertheless, there's this incredible power, there's this incredible creative force.

differences about the future direction of the group, there is a powerful enthusiasm and optimism within the group.

The workmen who built the Black Rock memorial saw the need to remember their past, to preserve their own culture in a way. The Black Rock group remember preserving in their stated aim of creating a renaissance of working class culture.

"I just think we're in the really early stages of development but it's not the fact that people are sort of up against the wall and can't go anywhere else that makes the group a lot more, much more credible compared to say the Alliance Québec sort of thing where people do have a choice, where the people who are speaking are Westmount-

The Black Rock centre will be open throughout the summer during the evenings from Thursday through Saturday....



Summer Photo/E.G. Arzouian

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has been developed and I would see a need for greater self-reflection, whether it be through study groups, whether it be through studying certain situations, whether it be through becoming involved in tenants' rights or other housing issues in Verdun, or community issues around fires or cuts in social services. Although this

we're looking through sport at ways of bringing people back together. Walter Young, who won the Boston Marathon in 1937, we met him today and he said he would be proud to come back to an anglophone cultural centre in Verdun. He grew up in Verdun, but because of sport he got a job in the Montréal fire department. He was

The scene outside: Prose and picture

by Ed Arzouian

The wind is blowing at your back at about 25 knots. Your sail is luffing, and your board is being bounced around by the choppy, white-capped waves. You reach across for the wishbone with your free hand. Falling back towards the water, you sheet your sail in, it swells with the wind and snaps you up from the water just as you were about to break the surface.

Momentarily your board rotates as if to head up-wind. You lean the mast forward, your board cuts over the waves and shoots forward. It begins to hum and vibrate under your feet. As you lean farther back over the edge the white water flies up to your hips and breaks across your legs...

Windsurfing (or generically, boardsailing) is the fastest growing water sport in the world, and is definitely here to stay. A couple of years ago it was considered a fad, catering for the most part to surfers bound inland. Today windsurfing has become a universal summer pastime. Testifying to this are the dozens of different brand boards, where there once was only a handful, now for sale — commercialism in this case means success. In the Montréal area alone there are upwards of 5000 boardsailers floating around.

As the July sun finally begins to warm our glacial Quebec lakes you may be thinking about trying windsurfing. There are some things you should know before you set sail.

Places

Montréalers are fortunate to have an abundance of lakes within easy reach — compensation for a short season. Beginners would be wise to make their debuts on smaller lakes, such as those found in the Laurentians.

These lakes tend to be shielded from strong winds and seldom have large waves, two things a beginner should avoid. A smaller lake also means you stay closer to a shore, very convenient should you find yourself hopelessly stranded — tired, without any wind or, worse, with too much — as everyone inevitably does once. Also, the maritime traffic is limited. Your first sight of a rusted freighter bearing down on you can revive any religious practices you may have forgotten.

After gaining a working knowledge of the board, or if the waves and wind are light enough, you are ready to venture into the bigger lakes; you'll usually find stronger winds and bigger waves.

Within an hour or so of Montréal four areas come to mind. Lake Memphremagog, in the Eastern Townships, and Lake St. Francis, 35 miles southwest of the city, are both large and relatively clean lakes, lined with many cottages, marinas (good for a quick drink) and friendly boardsailers. Lake St. Louis and Lake of Two Mountains offer good surface areas, but are comparatively much more polluted (one often hears the story of a white sail gone green). They are,

however, a short drive from the city.

For those of you who really get into the boarding scene, or for those who want to, the challenge of a regatta is what you're looking for. These are held throughout the summer at many different locations, *un circuit, quoi!* For more information, your best bet is to call the Fédération de Voile du Québec at 1415 Jarry est (phone 374-4700 ext.262). This weekend (July 10 & 11) one of these regattas will be held at Mont Tremblant. The various boardsailing stores around town also sponsor their own races; a quick call and they will be pleased to tell you all about them.

These regattas, when it's sunny and windy, really do resemble the picture perfect sunny summer days you see on all those beer commercials. Most sailers, you will find, are "good people." A day's immersion in this scene is worth a week of lessons. Watch, ride, listen and learn.

Pieces and Prices

Don't worry too much about equipment at the outset as most stores that sell boards also rent them (some manufacturers stipulate a rental fleet in their retail contracts) and wetsuits if you need one. Again, call the stores and ask where their schools are. If you have never been on a sailboard before an initial lesson is a good idea. Lasting about three hours, these usually cost between \$30 to \$40. You may find the three hour initiation too long if you spend most of the time climbing out of the water and onto your board. Don't be discouraged — three hours is about all the time it takes to learn.

Hourly rental rates vary between \$10.00 to \$15.00. Special rates are often available for half- and full-days. With some searching around there are bargains

to be found. A government subsidized *base de plein air* or municipal recreational centre will often rent boards for much less. Valleyfield, for example, lets its residents who have taken a certified boardsailing course enjoy three hours for \$5.00.

A word about buying boards: Today's market offers a head-spinning assortment of boards and sails in different shapes, sizes, colours and, of course, prices. Though competition for sales is fierce, price wars apparently have been ruled out as a marketing technique. Strangely, all boards cost between \$1000 to \$1500, with hi-tech, specialty jobs pushing past that limit.

The best advice one can give is rent, borrow or pirate as many different boards as you can until you decide upon one that satisfies your needs (recreational, racing, hot-dogging, etc.) as well as the usual criteria of cost and quality.

Two warnings: If you intend on buying a used board, try to get it in the water for a while. The smallest cracks can magically allow some boards to fill with water. Don't base your final choice on a salesman's hype. Generally helpful and informative on most questions, these guys will tell you a bathtub with a mophandle mast and dishtowel sail is the best brand to buy if it's the line they happen to carry.

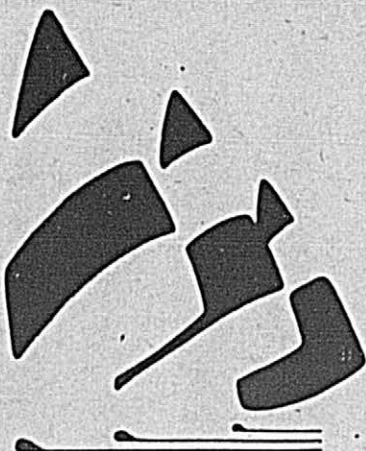
A wetsuit and harness (which clips you onto the wishbone and allows you to relax your arms) are worthwhile investments if you intend to take the sport up seriously. Just ask any blue-lipped and shaky-kneed windsurfer who just came off the water and is trying to tie his running shoes with two fists he cannot unclench.

It really is a lot of fun, give it a try. If you don't, watch somebody else. At least get down to the water and work on your tan. Good sailing.



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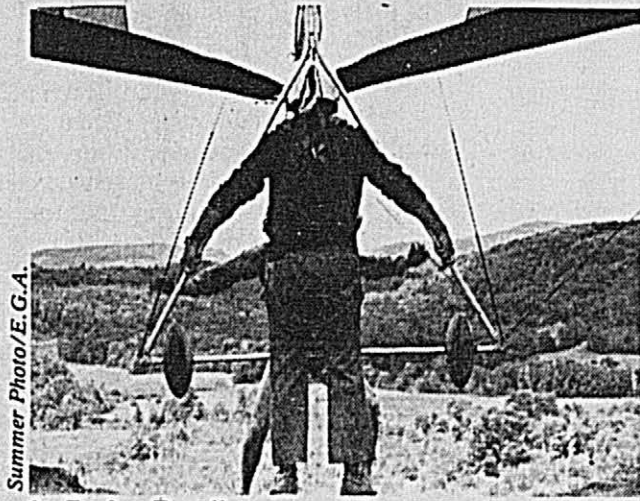
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res that sail and soar



Summer Photo/E.G.A.

by Brahm Resnik

Bushers are warily regarded by pros in any high performance, high-risk sport. So it wasn't surprising that two pavement-bound yet intrepid city boys were regarded as no better than mucous-covered nestlings just recently through the shell, as they sought to earn their wings on a hang-glider. And one of them wanted to write about it. The audacity of it all!

"So you just want to get up and be able to describe the feeling of flying," repeated our instructor, making note of the fact that we would have to forego the usual instruction in micro-meteorology, flight-planning, and aerodynamics of the glider, among other salient topics.

"Yup, that's about it," we replied, making note of a concern for our collective safety.

"Well you can try to describe it but there's nothing like it," were his last words before we embarked from the base lodge to the mountain.

Hardly encouragement for a couple of guys indulging in the participatory journalism dodge on a brilliant Sunday morning past. Caveats notwithstanding, let every consonant and vowel that follows be testimony to our mastery of the prevailing westerlies. As for describing it, impressions expressed on the ride home ranged from, "I'd say it's more of a mellow feeling than a rush" to "I'm not carrying the damn thing back up."

Ah, but I'm getting ahead of our story.

Start on the outskirts of St. Jean de Matha, a small town 80 km. northeast of Montreal in the Lanaudiere region, and wince at the name of Montagne Coupée, the point of departure for this hang-gliding adventure. (I asked Serge Filteau, the head of the Ailes de Ciel Club and hang-gliding school, and our instructor, how he happened upon this particular spot: "Well we were flying around the region looking for a sight and then we heard the name of this mountain...")

The Montagne Coupée is home for other sports and recreational diversions (more on that later) but for hang-gliders, les Ailes de Ciel have cleared four take-off points there, the highest at 375 feet called "The Cliff." Two more take-off sights are projected, the

highest at 500 feet, all of them integrated in a terraced arrangement with a central complex which can accommodate beginners through experts.

Les Ailes de Ciel has been around since 1975 as a hang-gliding club and since 1978 as a certified hang-gliding school. For beginners it offers two and four day courses in classes of four to eight. The four day course concludes with an examination and pilot's certification and, after approximately 32 hours of theory and flight, the ability to risk it all regularly at 275 feet.

What seems most deceiving about the sport is that it's not the fear one most conquer, for most that task comes easily, but one must master the glider. In shifting winds or in no wind at all it takes hours of work and studying other pilots.

This reporter merely had to overcome the fears of others, especially one close friend who, in desperation, cited the awful but true story of a Washington, D.C., TV newscaster who plummeted to his death doing research for a hang-gliding story. Just two weeks ago. "Yeah, surrre," I replied cockily as I sucked it in a bit harder.

Filteau reassured me, though I hardly needed it: "Most accidents are caused by recklessness, by people who try to push themselves or the glider too far. You have to stay within yourself when you're flying... We won't allow anyone under the age of 16 to fly mainly because you need some maturity before you fly the glider." I felt reassured. Newscasters are generally not known for their presence of mind.

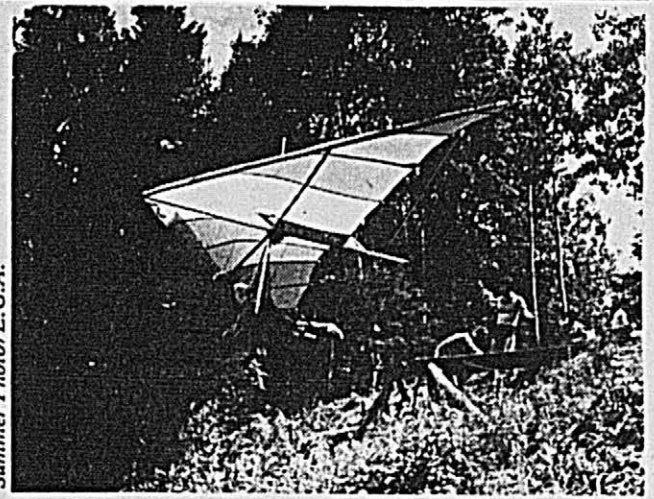
On first introduction to the mountain, what's most astonishing, besides the fact that 275 feet is pretty high, is the preponderance of cellulite and tobacco. Lay one culture-bound myth to rest: There was not one sleek, tawny-skinned, bleached blond on the hill.

Yes, the mountain. Forsaking all the theoretical niceties we plunged headlong into learning all about the glider with the aim of getting us airborne as soon as was safely possible — before darkness of the same day.

To begin, at the bottom of the hill, a meadow at the base of a valley, we ran on a flat with the glider on our shoulders, feeling it catch wind and rise. At the next level about 90 feet up, we ran downhill doing just about the same thing with one of us muttering about carrying the 58 pound aluminum and nylon glider back up the hill. At the same level we attempted to leave the ground for a short spell. All this we did successfully, with characteristic glee, flair and one of us by now constantly groaning about carrying the glider up the hill.

This is truly one sport where you learn as much from watching as from doing. From the upper level we could watch an advanced student take off, flying into an elongated glissando from air pocket to air pocket, maintaining altitude then pulling in on the horizontal bar and nosing down to gain speed for an arcing, graceful turn.

Then there was the unfortunate but spunky woman



Summer Photo/E.G.A.

who, on first try at 90 feet, veered hard left, lost control and nose-dived into an inhospitable ground. On her second go, somewhat evocative of the flight of a wounded duck, she did a two-and-a-half gainer with a jackknife finish, landing on a glider which was minding its own business on the site of the woman's first touchdown.

Nonplussed for the moment but resolute to the end, she surveyed the wreckage (one broken guidewire), and took a break of about twenty minutes. On her third try she drifted perilously over the treetops then miraculously pulled the glider in, moved her body weight to the right, turned right and landed smack-dab where she was supposed to. And before she took off they had cleared all the gliders off the hill.

As for the two skypilots, Filteau was ardently urging us on, correcting and commenting on all errors and working toward making us able to pilot the glider from one point to another in complete control. Only four and a half hours after we saw our first hang-glider we were ready to take off from 90 feet. The rest is history. (Yes, we did make it.)

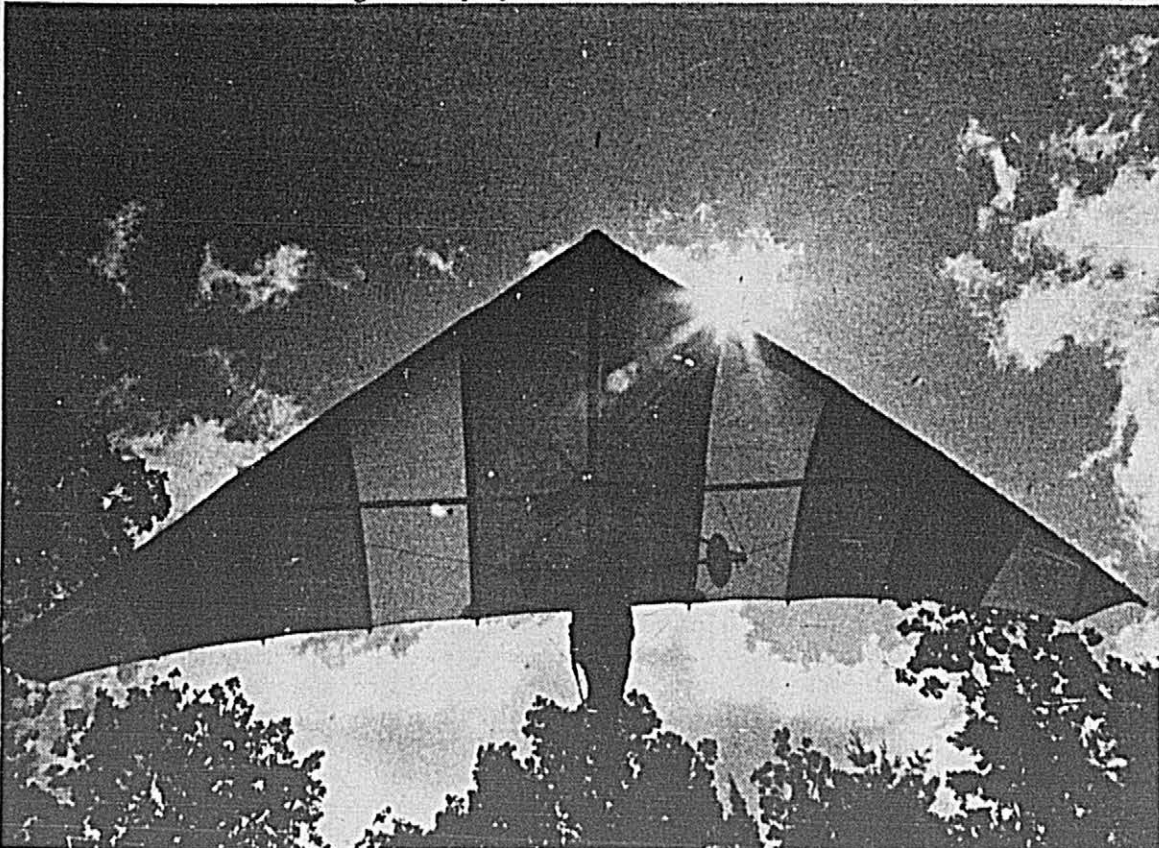
Yet the questions remain: Would da Vinci have approved? As the putative father of human flight he would be touched by the faithfulness of the present glider design, but how would his artistic sensibilities be affected by the gliders' outrageous pastels? Why his Mona Lisa's lips are brown.

Finally we return to the ultimate question, how to describe the hang-gliding flight. One hint: the sport originated in California, as do most of the gliders used: Got it yet? The word is "mellow." The feeling one has is of all-encompassing peace, tranquility even. We dare not mention the rush of a downhill ski run, the incredible surge of adrenalin, in the same story as hang-gliding.

Filteau has stayed in the air over six hours on one flight (the record is said to be 18). One does not maintain a rush for six hours. As he said, "After about one or two hours, it's just like driving a car; there's no fun anymore. You just do it because you have to."

With respect to peace, tranquility, etc., the greatest asset of les Ailes de Ciel, besides its instructors, is its setting. One doesn't merely land at the bottom of a ski hill, but in a meadow (with wild strawberries) at the bottom of a valley. The very words "valley" and "meadow" evoke all the pastoral associations any William Blake devotee could make. Fill in the sound of a hang-glider scudding along a breeze on a sunny day and the area is a slice of serenity.

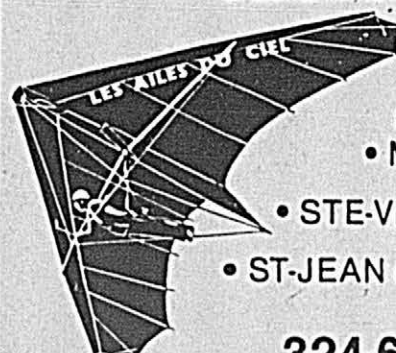
Montagne Coupée offers other diversions such as windsurfing, also taught by les Ailes de Ciel, horseback riding, hiking, and camping. For experienced hang-gliders, les Ailes de Ciel offers rentals at \$50 a day.



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Books

No cheers for Cheever's "Paradise"

by Brendan Kelly

Oh, What a Paradise It Seems,
by John Cheever.

John Cheever is regarded as one of the most important modern American novelists. And if we are to believe the *New York Times* book review, Cheever is our Chekhov: I, for one, don't believe that. In fact, I've always thought that there's an unwritten conspiracy among suburban New York intellectuals to favourably review each other's books in their respective astute journals. Perhaps and over-generalization, but how else can recent enthusiastic (near drooling) reviews of chaff like John Cheever's *Oh, What a Paradise It Seems* be explained?

After reading his 1977 novel *Falconer*, I thought that Cheever was one of the few interesting writers from the east

coast literary community. Though some of his short stories are deservedly acclaimed, *Falconer* was much more impressive in its attempt to portray the unnerving chaos and irrationality of 1970's USA. Of course, many of his literary comrades were disappointed by this unexpected realism. In the *Times*, the reviewer breathed a loud sigh of relief when *Oh, What a Paradise It Seems* was released. No more heroin addictions or explicit homosexuality; happily, Cheever is "skating again on familiar ice." The critic goes on to ask the rhetorical question: "Hadden't we had enough of the fire-alarms of modernism?"

Unfortunately, if this new novel is any indication, Cheever has indeed decided that being too much of an alarmist is not

the best way to make literary friends. *Paradise* tackles the same subject as *Falconer*, but this time, there's no tension — just insipid melodrama and half-truths about decaying culture. For example:

"Things had been better, things were getting worse and the lengthening moral and intellectual shadows that one saw spreading over the Western World were final. What a bore it had been to live in this self-induced autumnal twilight."

Praised as fine Cheever prose by some, in my mind it is a perfect example of the blasé bordering on a non-existent spirit the novel. The things-surely-are-in-a-bad-state-but-yawn-I'd-much-rather-be-sipping-a-cocktail syndrome rears its head once again. There is nothing wrong with being bland when the topic is innocuous but the collapse of society surely deserves more than feeble emotions.

The novel's protagonist, Lemuel Sears, is an aging executive who is fighting to stop the use of Beasley's Pond as a garbage dump. This ecological battle and his unsuccessful affair with a younger woman form the core of the novel's action. Cheever attempts to link these two aspects of Sears' life as one parallel fight to retain one's humanity. Sears "had found some sameness in the search for love and the search for potable water." Partly tongue-in-cheek, but still the embarrassing fact remains that if Cheever's theme is to be taken seriously, the compatibility of

these two campaigns must be recognized.

After the break-up of his affair, Sears resorts to psychotherapy. The session with his analyst is typical of the novel's frequent descent into anachronistic stereotypes. The

nothing wrong with Cheever not understanding more than stale clichés about pop music — but, if he doesn't comprehend, he certainly shouldn't comment.

Sears is not a sympathetic or even an interesting character. "His business prospered, he



R. COBB

doctor's psycho-babble sounds as if his library consists of one cartoon *Freud for Beginners* book. This psychiatric stereotype was perhaps forgivable thirty years ago but, with today's increased knowledge of the field, it is a sign of inexcusably sloppy writing.

Similarly, when Cheever is writing about the anonymity and lack of creativity in our age, he makes it clear that the disco music on the car radio at that point is a symbol of this decay. Of course, anyone who cares enough to listen knows that that's just a white, suburban myth. Once again, there's

loved his wife and his children, his investments were insured and his health was splendid." It follows that his ecological and amorous tribulations reflect this lack of personality.

Oh, What a Paradise It Seems is a best-seller at \$10 in hardback, which is strong evidence that a name can still commercially salvage a poor effort. At the start, Cheever recommends that you read his novel in bed on a rainy night. It's clinically proven. It's better than all other brands — you're guaranteed to be asleep within paragraphs.

John Cheever died a week before publication of this newspaper.

One that didn't get away

by Henry Srebrnik

Like One That Dreamed: A Portrait of A.M. Klein, by Usher Caplan, published by McGraw-Hill Ryerson, Toronto, 1982; 224 pages; \$24.95.

Readers in a hurry to find the root cause of A.M. Klein's decline in the last two decades of his life need look no further than page 126 of the valuable new biography of the Montreal Jewish poet, *Like One That Dreamed*, by Usher Caplan.

In 1945, Meyer Weisgal of the Jewish Agency invited Klein to come to New York to work as a writer and publicist for the Zionist cause. Klein, actively involved in Zionist politics and journalism in Montreal, considered the offer, but backed away. "His many ties to Montreal had given him a sense of security that he was not ready to forego." As well, he was already working as a personal writer and public relations hack for Sam Bronfman, head of

Seagram's, and the latter was not willing to allow his clever lap-dog to escape the parochial world of 1940's Jewish Montreal.

Instead, in a tricky slight-of-hand, Bronfman sugar-coated the pill of Klein's psychological dependency by undertaking, through a personal contact with McGill University's principal F.

Cyril James, to foist Klein upon the McGill English Department for three years by personally paying the poet's salary and thus sidestepping departmental hiring procedures. How Klein must have felt when he stared other McGill academics in the face!

Klein, born in an east European *shtetl* in 1909, came to Montreal as an infant, and grew up in its tight Jewish world, featuring such rites of passage as attendance at Baron Byng High School. His experience of the poverty-stricken Jewish ghetto seems to have had a contradictory effect on Klein. On

one hand, he was an idealistic poet who espoused socialism and was personally involved in the old CCF with friends David Lewis and F.R. Scott. At the same time, however, he so feared the personal effects of being destitute that he was driven to make choices — such as becoming a lawyer and working for Bronfman — that would slowly destroy him artistically and psychologically. He was simply too gentle to survive his milieu unscathed.

The book leaves a lot untold about his relationships with the two most important women in his life — his mother and his wife. But, clearly, they did little to alleviate the anguish and despair of his situation. Indeed, his mother stunted him because she valued material success more than his literary ambitions. In 1937, for example, Klein attempted to escape Montreal by setting up his lawyer's practice in Rouyn, Quebec.

continued on page 15

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Music

New Clash album, take it or leave it

by Richard Iton

Combat Rock/The Clash

The Clash is the last resurrection of the rockin' rebel band, all guns and guitars and that kind of thing. Lately, they've been getting it from all sides because they've "sold-out" their principles and reneged on all their commitments. Let's just say that as far as recorded rebellion goes, the Clash have been par the course.

For the first time in a while, we've got a single Clash album, following quickly on the heels of that 3-record monstrosity *Sandinista*. (I've yet to meet anyone who has listened to that thing in one sitting.) It's definitely for the better.

The twelve tracks featured on *Combat Rock* do indeed rock in an occasionally uplifting and interesting manner. *Know Your Rights* starts the ball rolling and in many ways is the best song on the album — direct, seemingly committed to something, and musically hard.

The next track, *Car Jamming*, is okay too. In fact, all of side one works in one way or another. Mick Jones' *Should I Stay or Should I Go* is T-Rex ten years later with an even greater sense of humour. At the other end of the spectrum, *Straight To Hell* is effectively chilling and straightforward.

Side two slows down a bit, the first two tracks sounding forced. But two other tracks *Ghetto Defendant* and *Inoculated City* clinch the case for *Combat Rock* as an album.

Stated contradictions aside *Combat Rock* is a good album, period. It's not going to change the world but then I don't see that as being in the Clash's potential range of possibilities. Instead, it will firm up the converted and alienate the critics.

Combat Rock is the first Clash album with no surprises and represents the coming of age of the Clash sound, take it or leave it.

True Democracy/Steel Pulse

Though they have postponed their Montréal date until mid-August, *Steel Pulse* has at least left us with their first domestically available album (it's their fourth album overall).

Reggae *Steel Pulse*-style mixes the expected Rasta preaching with a heavily pop-influenced sound.

The bass is mixed well compared to the bass heavy Sly and Robbie sound (i.e. *Black Uhuru*, Gregory Isaacs and Grace Jones among others). Lyrically, where their fellow countryman Linton Johnson serves up the truth straight, *Steel Pulse* (or for all intents and purposes, David Hinds) rely on the doctrines of Garvey as interpreted by Rasta.

Though the whole thing occasionally leads nowhere, Hinds' sincerity is clear. Nevertheless, the advantages of the disc are not to be found in the lyrics but in the high quality of the songwriting.

Steel Pulse manages to combine compelling vocal hooks and harmonies with a good rhythmic foundation. A *Steel Pulse* song is a masterpiece of construction, of melody and rhythm. On tracks like *Blues Dance Raid*, *Your House*, *Find it...Quick* and *Rally Round*, Hinds and company manage to conjure up a truly attractive mix.

If you still think all reggae sounds the same, then check out *Steel Pulse* — it's

well worth it.

Ji/Junior

It's been pounding out of every radio and every record shop: *Mama used to say, take your time young man, Mama used to say, take it in your stride*.

Junior's Mama Used To Say has finally, and deservedly so, gotten some airplay a year after its initial release. A more recent release, though, has been the album from whence it comes, *Ji*.

Following the demise disco in the last few years, a leaner, harder, more vital funk sound has risen out of the ashes. In the U.K., funk has become the latest fad and has resulted in a number of different interpretations of what funk is today.

From the syntho-pop of *Soft Cell* and the *Human League* to the leaner sound of *Imagination*, British rhythm and blues is making a big dent in the North American charts.

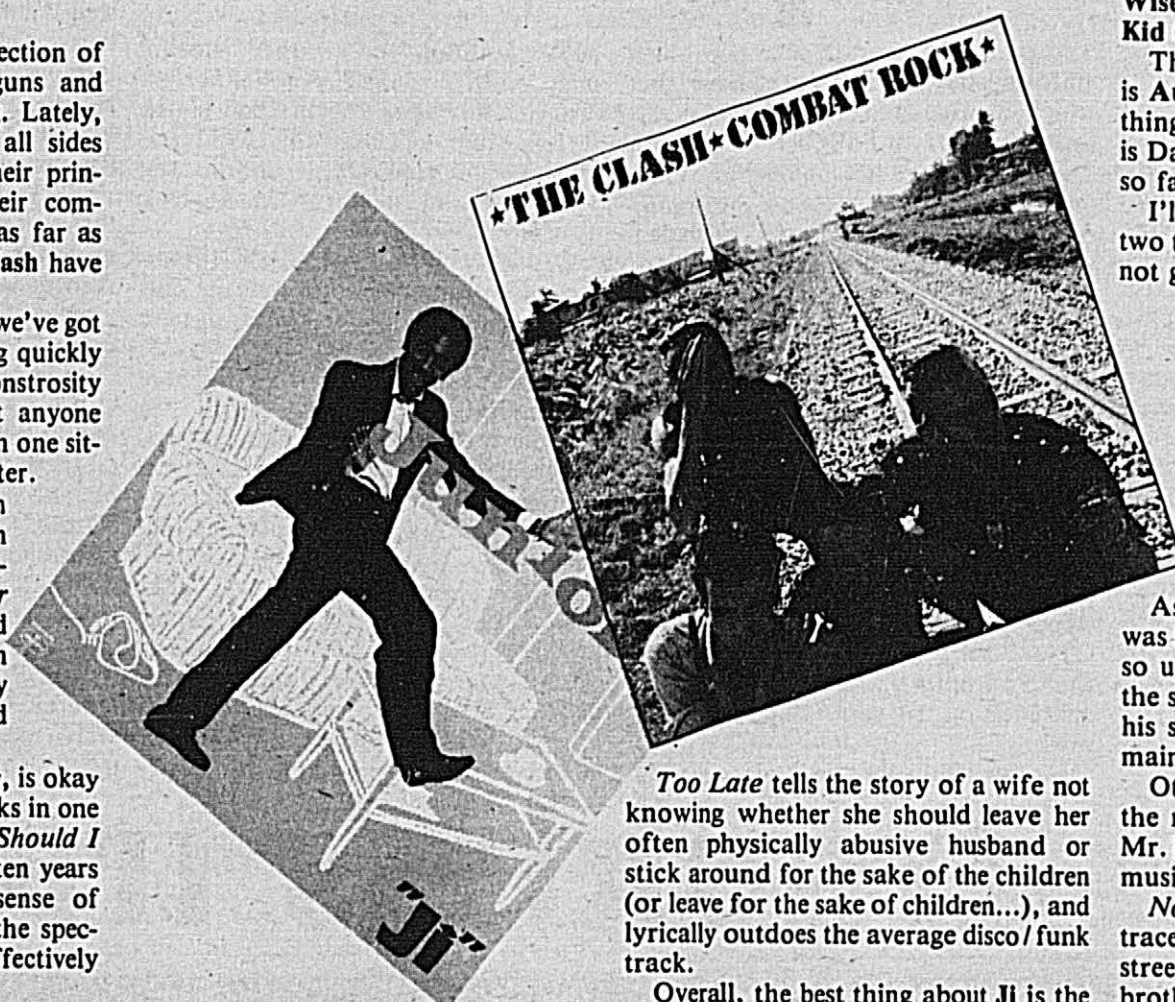
This isn't rhythm and blues in the *Muddy Waters/Dr. Feelgood* pub rock vein, but dance music inspired by the early masters: *Kool and the Gang*, *The Ohio Players*, and *Earth, Wind and Fire*, at least in the cases of the black British funk groups (*Linx*, *Central Line*, *Junior*, *Imagination*).

The white funkateers share many of the same source groups but have been marked on the most part by a heavy *Bowie/Roxy Music* influence (i.e. *Bowie's Young Americans* and *Roxy's Siren and Flesh and Blood*).

Where the *Human League's Dare* is the best of the white groups, *Ji* is the best product of black Britfunk so far.

First off, the singing here is excellent. Secondly, the songwriting is not bad to very good. So far, *Junior* (Norman Giscombe at birth) has been likened to Stevie Wonder in vocal style and disposition. The comparison shouldn't overshadow the fact that *Junior* has distinguishing talents of his own.

Though *Mama Used to Say* is the best track on this LP all of the other tracks hold up — no throwaways.



Too Late tells the story of a wife not knowing whether she should leave her often physically abusive husband or stick around for the sake of the children (or leave for the sake of children...), and lyrically outdoes the average disco/funk track.

Overall, the best thing about *Ji* is the promise it reveals. *Junior* shows a great potential for growth indicating that *Ji* is just a start.

Wise Guy/Kid Creole and the Coconuts
In the something else category comes

Wise Guy, the latest installment in the *Kid Creole and the Coconuts* story.

The man responsible for this product is August Darnell, who is, among other things a native of our fair city. *Wise Guy* is Darnell's most straight forward effort so far.

I'll give the bad news first — the first two tracks on side two are 'bad' and I'm not going to mention them again.

The rest of the album is great. *Alfie, I'm Not Your Daddy*, the first song, is calypso with humour instead of the usual mindlessness of the form. Darnell tells the tale: "They say that all is fair in love and war, and child believe it, when momma stayed in St. Tropez she had a ball or two..."

As the character explains: "Y'see if I was in your blood then you wouldn't be so ugly". Funny and sad (pathetic?) at the same time, our deceived father takes his spite out on the kid while trying to maintain his cool.

Other tracks maintain the humour, the richness of character portrayal etc. Mr. Darnell is a good songwriter and the music's unavoidably danceable.

No Fish Today, the closing track traces the effects of hard times back to street level. A woman with a mother, brother and sisters to support, has to go home empty-handed because the fish dealer is afraid to steal some fish for her.

Overall it's the contrast between the frivolity of some of the tracks and the reality of others that make *Wise Guy* such an engaging album.

Rational Youth: ration, rhyme et rythme

par Marie-Catherine Giguère

Le 20 juin dernier, le groupe Rational Youth présentait leur nouveau disque au Limelight. Ils étaient plusieurs à assister à ce spectacle, certains étant venus parce qu'ils connaissent le groupe depuis un certain temps déjà, et les autres, y étaient pour avoir entendu «Cité Phosphore» à la radio.

Malgré tout ce monde présent, la réaction du public fut plutôt froide. Quelques-uns dansaient, tandis que le reste regardait le groupe de façon amorphe. Ce n'est que lorsque Rational Youth toucha les premières notes de «Cité Phosphore» qu'il y a eu un mouvement dans la salle. Bon, on me dira, la musique électronique est une musique froide qui n'incite pas les gens à danser. Est-ce qu'une affirmation du genre est due au lavage de cerveau auquel nous avons été soumis et qui nous a tous habitués aux instruments traditionnels (e.g. guitares électriques, batterie, etc) ou alors est-ce seulement de l'ignorance et de l'étroitesse d'esprit?

Ce n'empêche que la musique de Rational Youth en est une qui s'adresse non seulement à la tête, mais aussi aux pieds. Le rythme consistant permet la danse et les paroles des chansons invitent l'attention de l'auditeur. Le leader du groupe, Tracy Howe, semble très porté à parler de la situation socio-politique actuelle avec des titres comme «Dancing

on the Berlin Wall» ou encore «Le Meilleur des Mondes».

Pour les initiés à ce genre de musique, on devine tout de suite le groupe qui a influencé Rational Youth. En effet, on peut très bien reconnaître le son Kraftwerk dans la musique, de même que le «look» Kraftwerk lors du spectacle. Au Limelight, la scène rappelait vaguement l'apparition de Kraftwerk au Théâtre St.-Denis en août dernier. Des écrans vidéo étaient installés de chaque côté de la scène et sur lesquels différentes images étaient projetées, dépendant de la chanson jouée. Quant à l'apparence physique des musiciens Howe et Vorne, elle rappelle beaucoup celle du quatuor de Düsseldorf: cheveux très courts et pantalons et chemises noirs.

En plus de leur nouveau disque, Rational Youth nous présentait aussi un nouveau musicien: Kevin Komoda. Celui-ci était auparavant avec les blueprints et autres petits groupes locaux.

Malgré toute cette influence «kraftwerkienne», il est à espérer que Rational Youth pourra prouver qu'il n'y a pas que les Anglais et les Allemands qui peuvent réussir dans le domaine de la musique électronique. Il est aussi à espérer que le groupe, tout en ne rejetant pas ses racines, parviendra à se former une identité propre que le public reconnaîtra comme étant Rational Youth.

Music

Zappa zaps out

by Timothy Gouldson

The reigning emperor of caustic derision and musical wizardry, Francis Vincent Zappa, has added one more vinyl tablet to his reputable repertoire: *Ship Arriving Too Late To Save a Drowning Witch*. In so doing Zappa has severely compromised the three elements which his dedicated fans have considered characteristically consistent in the past: parody, prose and pronouncement.

In this current effort, Frank Zappa, for the first time in his "no commercial potential" (and oh so bizarre) career, has shown definite signs of "the artist's dilemma": lack of motivation, lack of imagination, and lack of money.

Sadly, the only sign of the "progressive", or for that matter, "dynamic" Zappa talent on the album is found in the improvised monologue by Moon Unit, his daughter, on *Valley Girl*. It is an ode to obscure, sometimes barbarously illiterate, yet always abysmal adolescent colloquialisms, i.e. "It's so bit-chen."

Frank's usual satiric bite and forthright swipes are becoming more like a self-ascending sarcasm rather than a significant social comment. On *Teenage*

Prostitute (an operatic number which unfortunately does not resemble that which appeared on *200 Motels*), we discover not "who" but "how" or "why" some are left untouched. Thus the listener is back where he/she began. And not only have the lyrics concluded nothing, the music is much too familiar. You'd swear you've heard those riffs before, say somewhere on *Sheik Yerbouti*.

In the past, Zappa fans have never been deprived of poetic and thought provoking statements, such as: "Better look around before you say you don't care, shut your fucken mouth about the length of my hair.... This time we get 'No, not now...maybe later.'" This piece is rescued only by the rhythmic base slapping of Arthur Barrow. And in Chad Wackermann, Zappa has finally found a drummer who is capable of adequate fill-ins to carry Zappa's guitar work.

Mother Superior on this occasion

adds nothing to a once vibrant philosophy. *I Come From Nowhere* illustrates this best. Vocalist Bob Harris suffers from acute chronic vocal sarcasm and, by song's end, confirms that this song did in fact "come from nowhere."

Drowning Witch, specifically the extended instrumental portion, is the only feature indicative of the Zappa we once knew. However, this number also reminds us that F.Z. finds it more economical for Tommy Mars on keyboards to provide the orchestral element where we, once, could appreciate a horn section. *Envelopes* sounds like the tail end of *Drowning Witch* but, as F.Z., himself, would say, "what the fuck?"

Inside Zappa's last two double albums, one discovers a sleeve size ad for his three-record *Shut Up and Play Your Guitar* set. It is only available through mail-order and costs \$39.00 (that's \$13.00 a disc). If one is keen on excessive overdubbing and artificially

flavoured, mediocre guitar solos, the album is, as Zappa says, "great." Inside *Ship*, F.Z. directs a memo "Dear Maniac Person" urging him/her to buy the set, that has already sold "very well," now available at their local record store. The business logic is somewhat dubious here, i.e., why bother paying retailers if the mail-order business is so lucrative? Clearly Zappa needs bucks (the previous two efforts did not sell well). Perhaps this is why *Ship* sounds thrown together. There are three studio and three live tracks. In it, Zappa records 90 per cent of his live performances. There rarely exists a shortage of filler—*Ship* is all filler.

In 1965, Zappa began his Mother's crusade with *Freak Out*, the first rock opera. Written under "relevant quotes" on the inside cover is the following quote by his mentor of sorts, Edgar Varese: "The present day composer refuses to die." For Frank Zappa, now 41, has lived up to that quote. However, if F.Z. believes he can get paid for turning out (to use his favourite term) "cheesy" music avec la garni de jour (and nicely displayed too), the ship will arrive too late to save a drowning Zappa.

frankless trash

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All that glitter must be jazz

by Mary O'Neill

There are as many different reasons for the resurging popularity of jazz as there are new jazz fans. To say that the music industry today is foundering and in search of new directions has become almost clichéd. New wave, the great hope of the 70's, has for the most part lost touch with its delinquent roots, becoming more sophisticated and inevitably more sterile. The disco era requires no obituary. Rock music and all of its associated spin-offs are currently wallowing in a state of mediocrity, broken only occasionally by the odd prodigy, none of which has indicated any discernable new trend.

Where then can you find a relatively "pure" form of music, still true to its inspirational origins? The jazz alternative has a lot going for it. While it is comparatively sophisticated, providing something to sink your teeth into, it remains by and large toe-tappin' music. And jazz musicians are good musicians. Most have been around for a good few years and consequently know their instruments inside out.

Jazz comes to Montréal

From the second to the eleventh of July, jazz fans new and old have the opportunity to see some of the biggest and best names in the business live at the International Jazz Festival, in Montréal for the third consecutive year. For those familiar with such names as Ornette Coleman, Jaco Pastorius, and Miles Davis, the only problem is how many shows to fit into one's budget (not an inconsiderable issue with ticket prices ranging from \$9.50 to \$16.50). For relatively new converts, the week's concert

schedule reads as a sea of unfamiliar names — imposing, not to mention intimidating.

To get some indication of what to expect from the various artists coming to Montréal, I spoke with Len Dobbin of CJFM's Jazz-96 show. He was very enthusiastic about much of the incoming talent but surprisingly negative in regards to a few of the more publicized

fine in itself, but a waste of a great talent such as Coleman's.

Other names appearing on the playbill cannot be considered "jazz" in the strictest sense, but are better labeled as "fusion" artists. Their sound has evolved along more electronic lines. If this is your genre then those to watch for are Pat Metheny, Jaco Pastorius, and Jean-Luc Ponty.

Vic Vogel and his Big Band, the only Canadian contingent among the top-billed acts, is highly recommended. And other Canadian artists to look for include Peter Leitch, Karen Young, Denny Christianson, and especially Frazer MacPherson.

Perhaps one of the best shows of the festival will come from a trumpeter relatively unknown here in Canada. Wynton Marsalis, only 19 years old, has just concluded a phenomenal tour of the United States. This may be the performer to check out if you're limited to one show only.

Singin' it like it is

If vocals are what you find appealing, Betty Carter can be counted upon to entertain. This lady has a big, gutsy voice and a strong following in the Montréal area. For a different sound altogether, Cleo Laine of international fame has a most amazing vocal range.

Also worth taking in are Dexter Gordon, tenor saxophonist and Woody Shaw, jazz trumpeter, appearing together on July 8th. Finally, there is the always surprising Sonny Rollins who will be backed by an excellent band which includes jazz guitarist Masou from Japan and Bob Cranshaw on bass.

Apart from the extensive list of live acts the Festival will be featuring an ex-

cellent film series, *Images du Jazz*, which portrays jazz and its greats, from the golden oldies to the contemporary artists.

Certainly, there are many for whom the Festival will be inaccessible either because of price (last year's, staged by the Club Montréal was mostly free) or other assorted obstacles. Not to despair; there are other equally pleasant settings in which to introduce yourself to the intriguing world of jazz.

Economy jazz

If even moderately expensive places such as Biddle's on Union Street, Tiffany's on Crescent, and L'Air du Temps in Old Montréal are too much for your over-burdened budget, drop by Café la Voie on the corner of Cote des Neiges and Sherbrooke any night for an informal evening of good local talent, sans cover charge. Or you could take to frequenting the Club des Musiciens (in the Musicians' Guild building) at 1500 de Maisonneuve E., where the entertainment is both good and cheap (a dynamite combination). Being a hang-out of the artists themselves, it has a very "hip" atmosphere. And don't be surprised if some of the Festival performers drop by during the week — stranger things have been known to happen. You might also keep an ear tuned to local radio jazz shows.

The jazz alternative is worth investigating in light of the current artistic vacuum plaguing the music industry. And whether you've been a fan for years or are just beginning to recognise such names as Duke Ellington, you will rarely have a better opportunity to enjoy live jazz than from July 2nd to 11th at the Theatre St. Denis.



names. Miles Davis is not recommended. The man himself is a great trumpet player, but with his current back-up band, he has been putting out terrible music. Maynard Ferguson, another of the top-billed attractions features a rock-rhythm type jazz which is best described as commercial ("gone pop", says Len).

Ornette Coleman, a true innovator of the art and one of the first to introduce more avant-garde tendencies to the jazz field, is now doing "street music" —

T-Shirt fad takes Dawson College by storm

by Henry Srebrnik

Over the past few years, I have noticed an intriguing phenomenon at Dawson, the English-language Montréal college where I teach: the amazing proliferation of teeshirts with American symbolism and 'markings', especially those of U.S. colleges and sports teams, worn by the our students.

No, we have not had some sudden, unexpected increase in the number of exchange students from American schools, or even simply American students coming north to study. Ours is a local, inner-city college, with a student population composed exclusively of Montréal kids.

The American colleges represented by these shirts seem to fall into three main categories.

First, there are the extremely well-known schools that have become bywords for academic excellence, their names famous even to the unlettered: Ivy League universities such as Harvard and Yale fall into this group, and such shirts are a common sight.

On the other hand, schools with academic standards just as impressive, but which for reasons of size or what-not, are less renowned internationally among non-academics, do not 'sell'. One rarely sees a Brandeis, Colgate or Johns Hopkins shirt.

The second category of shirt bears the name of a major sports school, especially if a football or basketball power: Notre Dame, Penn State, Texas,



Alabama and UCLA sweatshirts are standard issue.

Finally, perhaps as a humorous variation on the 'American heartland' idea, there are those shirts ostensibly from schools situated in 'exotic' American locales: shirts from the universities of Alaska and Hawaii would fit this category.

Most of these students, if asked, would say they prefer living north of the 49th parallel, and all are aware of the many problems inherent in American life today. They are not the wide-eyed illiterate European peasants of yesteryear, with their dreams of streets paved with

gold. These kids live close enough to the border to know better.

But there is more to it in Québec, which may account for the astounding popularity of these shirts here. (One sees them, after all, even at institutions such as McGill and Concordia —universities themselves!)

Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that, for as long as these kids can remember, they have been bombarded, here in Montréal, by contradictory, even rival, sets of symbols: the Canadian Maple Leaf vs. the Québec Fleur-de-lis, English Canadian nationalism vs. the independentist message of René

Levesque's Parti Québécois.

In the process, they have become part of a tug-of-war between the French Canadians and the old WASP community in Québec, with Bill 101, the famous language law, being the most obvious battleground. (Had most of these immigrant kids been born 13 years later, their very rights to an English-language education would have been abrogated.)

A whole generation of immigrant children in Montréal has, in consequence, been socialised into neither the French nor English communities (even though they speak English with varying degrees of proficiency).

These non-WASP, non-French Canadians seek a haven from these conflicting claims on their loyalty by wearing American emblems, signalling thereby that they have little interest in either the old British North America or the new Québec.

If old-stock WASPs insist on remaining overseas Brits, while French Canadians become ever more preoccupied with their own concerns behind the walls of a hermetically-sealed Québec, then these 'new Canadians' have little choice but to look south, and not just as a means of ducking the battle.

Is it not possible that, caught between these two warring factions, our students have been driven to look towards the U.S., with its Lockean liberal ideas of individual rights and pluralism, as a place of ideological refuge?

The World Cup: Surprises in Spain

by Martin Siberok

Only five days remain before the deciding game for the winner of World Cup Soccer 1982 is played in Madrid, Spain.

It has been estimated that over one billion people will be watching this final game on television Sunday July 11, as two of the following teams will battle for first place: France, Italy, Poland and West Ger-

many. For the first time in many years it is an all-European semi-final.

The greatest upset occurred last Monday July 5 when Italy defeated the heavily favoured Brazilian team, who many had thought would take the championship with ease. Brazil was a 2-to-1 favourite, but their winning streak was abruptly halted by the Italians.

Of the four semi-finalists only West Germany (a 4-to-1 favourite) was slated to make it this far. The West German record, though, has not been outstanding throughout the

tournament. They lost their opening game to an underdog, Algeria. Added to this defeat was their disgraceful match with Austria, in which both teams played non-aggressively so that they could advance to the second round. This eliminated Algeria to the great disgust and anger of all.

The other three semi-finalists have revealed themselves as strong, solid teams, determined to play offensively and aggressively. It would be safe to say that Italy will be the most motivated having defeated Brazil, the potential world champions.

Soccer, or football as it is known outside North America, is definitely an international sport. No other game can approach its popularity. It is played on every continent and, it would not be wrong to say, in every country. In all respects, it is truly a world sport.

To celebrate this stature, every four years a certain number of national teams meet to battle for the title of World Champions.

This year 24 teams gathered in Spain to compete for the title. In previous years they have only numbered 16. The majority of the teams come from Europe (14) and Latin America (6), with two from Africa, one from the Middle East and one from the Far East.

Each team has to go through a series of qualification rounds in order to reach the World Cup since there are 109 member



Uruguay (World Cup winners in 1930 and 1950).

Two countries who qualify automatically are the defending champions and the host country. This year they were Argentina and Spain; both were eliminated in the second round.

Next to the soccer greats are the unknown countries, or for some people, the "joke" countries. Some of these teams continue that tradition, while others quickly disprove it and threaten the "heavyweights."

This year most of these minor teams did surprisingly well, with the exception of El Salvador, which set a World Cup record by losing 10 to 1 to Hungary.



countries in the Federation Internationale de Football Association (FIFA). These groupings are usually tilted in favour of the stronger countries: West Germany with Malta, and England with Cyprus.

Nearly all the great soccer-playing countries make it, though upsets do occur. This year three such countries failed to qualify: Holland (finalists in 1974 and 1978), Portugal and

On the other hand, Algeria defeated West Germany, Camerons tied with Italy, and Northern Ireland made it into the second round.

For the viewer, much of the fun is found in speculating on the outcome of the individual games and of the groupings. The strengths and weaknesses of each team are discussed ad infinitum, with never waning intensity. As the viewers are exposed to more teams, specula-

tion increases daily as to which teams will advance towards the final game.

For most of the world, soccer is a cherished religion, with wins and losses taken as national affronts. While a whole population watches their team on television back home, the players realize that their nation's honour is at stake. Everybody expects a win from their team, or least a face-saving tie.

A loss may be too much to stomach. The shock that Brazil experienced on Monday was most likely devastating. The trauma that Argentina suffered when the defending champions lost the World Cup opener to Belgium was probably excruciating. It might have been an omen for many Argentines about the outcome of the Falkland crisis.

In the past, international soccer games have led to riots, the breaking-off of diplomatic ties and even sparked off a war between El Salvador and Honduras in 1969.

The outcome of this World Cup will not lead to any wars, only jubilant rejoicing and hurt rejection. For all four remaining teams the stakes of national honour and pride are high. The outcome is hard to predict, though the odd-makers will certainly place Italy (winners in 1934 and 1938) and West Germany (winners in 1954 and 1974) in the finals, with West Germany having a slight edge.

If you have never seen any professional soccer played before, you should take the opportunity this weekend to watch the world's best battle for the laurels of this world acclaimed sport.

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COPIEVILLE

Support grows for dismissed prof.

by Richard Flint

Dr. Hermione Shantz has worked for ten years in the Education faculty of McGill University. She was promoted to associate professor in 1977, and her colleagues and students consider her to be an excellent teacher.

Dr. Shantz was given a positive recommendation by her Department Tenure Committee for tenure (which is an academic's equivalent of job security), but McGill University has turned her down for tenure. Her contract with McGill is now to be terminated at the end of August. Why?

That's the question no-one wants to answer 'on the record'. Off the record there are rumours, mutterings of personal conflicts with senior officials, murmurings of the lack of conformity with certain ways of doing things.

"All I know is hearsay, I haven't read anything from the final committee, I really can't say," said Justine Harris, member of the Hermione Shantz Support Committee in the faculty of Education. "We think it was wrong, they (the committee) clearly thought it was right."

The support committee was formed last April following the refusal of tenure to Dr. Shantz. In a communique to this newspaper they state that over \$4,000 has been raised so far for the campaign to support Dr. Shantz's contest of her firing.

"The support committee holds that not only was the decision itself incorrect, but that the methods used in arriving at it lacked due process, disregarded strong written and oral positive evidence, lacked clear criteria, and included important procedural irregularities," states the communique.

A previously distributed position paper on the case will be distributed to a wider audience by the support committee in the near future.

Dr. George Flowers, Dean of the Faculty of Education, sees the Shantz case in a different light.

"There's very little I can say. Anytime decisions go the way someone doesn't want them to go it's unfortunate," he said.

"This case was appealed and the case was reheard. The decision upon reconsideration was that tenure not be granted," said Flowers.

"If being around for ten years, etcetera were *de facto* grounds for tenure, we wouldn't have this tenure process as it is," he said.

The Dean denies that financial or budgetary considerations were in any way involved in the decision.

McGill, like all Québec universities is hard pressed for funds. A university policy states that vacancies should only be filled in special cases, after consultation with the administrative authorities. Natural wastage, rather than forced redundancies, has been chosen as the lesser of two evils.

Unlike many other jobs, however, the denial of permanent job security at McGill University (tenure) often results in the effective firing of an academic even though she or he may have had period contracts renewed in the past.

The denial of tenure, then, is tantamount to a firing at a time when positions are not being replaced.

Dean Flowers admits that there is no certainty that the Education Department will receive a replacement for Shantz when her contract expires at the end of August:

"Given the present budgetary situation it's hard to say what will happen," he said, "no comment."

So it would seem that budgetary restrictions, though playing no part in the decision to refuse tenure, will result in the elimination of a teaching position, saving funds for the University.

The Shantz support committee is keeping quiet about their exact plans for the future. Whatever they are, with increasing financial and moral support

from members of the University community, it seems clear that a substantial challenge of this decision will be mounted.

A previous case of tenure refusal under questionable circumstances, the firing of David Mandel in the Political Science Department last year, has involved inquiries by the Canadian Association of University Teachers (CAUT) and a special investigation by Québec's human rights commission. Pending the release of the human rights commission report, the case remains unresolved.

Classified

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Yetta Klein...

continued from page 10

"Utterly heartbroken over his absence," Yetta Klein carried on with tearful displays at their monthly reunions and finally persuaded him to return to Montreal a year later.

It became the story of his life. Even though Klein found the small, even philistine world of Jewish Montreal intellectually stifling, escape always managed to elude him. And though ambitious to be known as a writer and a poet, he was far too preoccupied with his financial prospects and, therefore, became unreasonably dependent on the security of his law practice and his work for Bronfman. In the end, unable to break away from Montreal and, indeed, from within himself, he abandoned everything.

Almost 20 years before his death in 1972, Klein cut all ties with the outside world and was, by the late 1950's, a reclusive misanthrope. In March 1956, "without a hint of warning" and to the "shocked dismay of his family," he packed away all

his files and resigned from the Bar. He withdrew from all public contacts, refused interviews by visiting scholars and writers, would not allow publication of any of his works, and didn't even cash his royalty cheques. Surprisingly, despite the speculated immersion in his literary work, Klein wrote nothing during those years which survived until today.

Nevertheless, he maintained his official position as a public relations consultant for Sam Bronfman and, until the end of his life, never failed to send a yearly birthday greeting. Was this some kind of sick dependency? Did his almost paranoid fear of financial insecurity outweigh what clearly must have been a tremendous anger at a man who had emasculated him emotionally? (A typical example is the fawning sonnet penned by Klein on the occasion of Bronfman's 50th birthday in 1941. It was an acrostic spelling "Samuel Bronfman.")

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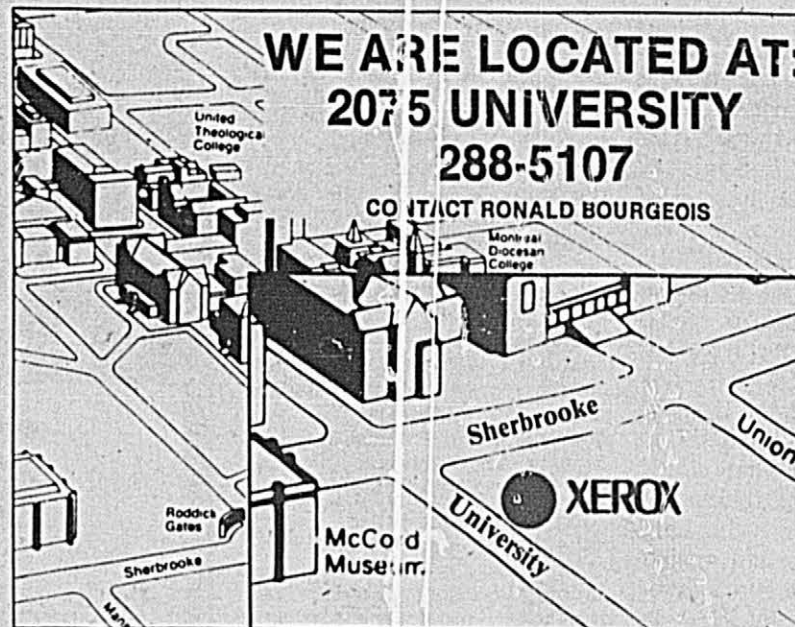
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